



# The Count's Bane



dracula

frankenstein

horror

211 17 11

## Chapter 1 by -

A cloaked man stood stooping over a stone slab. He was intent upon his work, with small crude instruments in hand. By the dim light of a candle, one could discern upon the rock table a long specimen covered by a discolored cloth, which drooped over the rigid form. But what the man was doing could not be determined, for he shielded the unveiled part of this hidden thing.

“Count Dracula, I had not known you were a scientist?” A man entered from the shadowed passageway.

The red silk lining flashed as the caped man spun around and stared with fiery eyes at the intruder. His pasty features hardened as his lips pursed in profound disapproval. “Your presence is not permitted here, Mr. Harker.” As the Count spoke, the ends of his mouth curled up, revealing two shiny white fangs. He stood erect, with his hands held behind his cloak, and kept a disarming gaze on the lawyer.

## Chapter 2 by Skeld



**\*Dracula is the creator of Frankenstein\***

Harker slowly retreated, the Count's eyes were blazing, piercing his soul and daring him to take a step further. But he caught a glimpse of something turning, it was a man's body. The man might have been a skeleton, but he was a man. He was tall too, at a glance one might assume he was a giant, and ran up the steps.

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He had another cause for concern. Today was the night of the full moon and that meant he was about to transform.

He ran to the balcony and fell down. His back swelled, his nails twisted into claws, his eyes turned yellow, hair rushed forth from his body like a bursting dam. He slowly got up and sniffed the air. His lupine features twisted into a grimace. He caught a scent in the night air and so he jumped from the balcony to feed.

### Chapter 3 by



From a tiny steel window, the amused count watches Harker pounce on the nearest living creature. Ravenous crunch and crack echoed the courtyard. Rattles from remaining living things rushed out upon discerning the presence of a newly-built creature at the inception of his transformation. Days... Maybe months will be needed before Harker realizes that animals will never gratify his thirst for blood and longing for flesh. By that time, Count Dracula is finished with his new specimen. As he returns to his chamber, the majestic howl of the now-filled werewolf reverberated throughout his castle.

There is nothing more to ask from a god-like built of a man who just met his fate from a single gunshot wound to the chest. His internal organs are reparable... Or maybe he doesn't even need one. The beautifully chiseled muscles, barely blanketed by sunburned skin shows how well the man utilized his strength for the good of his people. Known with class and heroism, the Count could not help himself but admire the remnant of an honored man.

With no more blood to drain, Count Dracula meticulously carved a shallow cut from the larynx straight down the man's groin and made another just above the wound and across his lungs. Now lay bare a neat evidence of organs that once labored non-stop to give life to the man once named Idris.

"Milord!" A high-pitched squawk from a three-feet gray and brown-patched hunchback rolled down the staircase, causing the torch he held, burn his cloak. More shrieks enveloped the

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"My apologies Milord! My apologies!" Timotheus buried his face on the count's buskin. "I was just here to notify you of Mr. Harker's presence!"

"So imprudent! Get out of my sight at this moment!" Displeased by Timotheus' unreliability, the count banished him down the open shaft where hungry over-sized Cordoba fighting dogs await for their meal - preferring human organs. "Find a way to feed them or I will burn you!"

"That's mean." Just as he gets rid of the noise, comes another. "You were never nice to Timotheus, he has been good to you all his existence."

Anger emulated the area. Count Dracula has enough of visitors yet his creations come one after another every time he brings in a new specimen. "Amelia, I remember to have disallowed you appearing in this chamber"

"How could you still be angry at me? After all this time..." Donned with charcoal laces and silk, Amelia removed her hood and slowly scooped out Idris' bowels. "I can be at your service anytime. Besides, to slip the chance of you recreating this bell'uomo is an offense to gentlewomen."

But of course, no other creature is able to bare fangs at the count, save Amelia, his first specimen, a fine aristocrat who willingly offered her humanity in exchange of immortality three hundred years earlier.

After carefully clearing out the rotting organs, Count Dracula is ready to breathe a new life -- all according to his wishes.

#### Chapter 4 by StoryMaster243



Amelia walked off in anger, fuelled by the ignorance of her creator. However, the count was oblivious, nothing could distract him. The last of his reviving stitches were in place, the count would finally have the warrior he always wanted. After carefully preparing the breathing apparatus and the brain enhancer, his creation was ready. This was it, the moment he'd been

waiting for. No more defective slaves, just one big soldier to do his bidding.

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The breathing apparatus was ready, the brain enhancer was ready, the count was ready. He had his son (as Dracula wanted) and he had his warrior. He had his brain with electricity, and he had his state, and he recognised the

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Count as his new master. Count Dracula slammed the button down, but nothing. The count slammed and slammed, but the power just wasn't running through.

Little did he know, Amelia was the one behind all of these mistakes, from Mr Harker to Timotheus. It was all Amelia. All she ever wanted was Dracula to herself, so she's been doing whatever she can to try and get that. Even if that means destroying Counts Slave Trade career, she would do it. Now the operation might actually work, Amelia had to pull the plug, literally. The Count's first creation walked off, with a smug grin on her face.

The Count had realised what had happened, the plug hadn't just been pulled, it had been dismantled. It would be another week before anyone could fix or replace it. Harker had transformed, so wouldn't be back until the next crescent moon, Timotheus had gone to find fresh meat for the fighting dogs and Amelia was useless. "I find myself in a tricky predicament, I need my slave...NOW!!" The Count stormed out of the room, anger and fury building up inside him. The Count left his house, in search for fresh meat. Now it was just Amelia and Count's new 'slave'...

## Chapter 5 by JP Hennessy



Little did Amelia know but the Count was creating a companion for her as well as having a new son/slave for himself, this was not disclosed to Amelia as the Count wanted to surprise her! The Count had been working on a new theory which if successful would greatly reduce the arduous process of creating new slaves.

Curiosity such as is, was one of Amelias attributes, she decided to approach and lift the veil on the corpse to see what monstrosity was the Count trying to 're-birth' this time.

"No , it cannot be, this cannot be happening..!" Amelia started to feel flush, her heart pounding like it was about to explode, Moments earlier she was scooping out innards of a unknown man and now seeing his face her guilt is insurmountable...Idris is the embodiment of her former lover from no less than 300 years ago.

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How wicked and devious the Count is..If Amelia could replace the plug or find another way to breathe life into Idris she would have a companion equal in her eyes to the Count alone....The offspring would become his new group of un-dead, stronger and smarter than any that had come before....If she cannot then a lesson truly learnt the hard way was to befall upon her.... "Mwahahahaha" the Count said to himself.....Mwahahahaha.....

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